

**The Evening World**  
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### The Evening World First

Number of columns of advertising in  
The Evening World during first six  
months, 1904.....7,700

Number of columns of advertising in  
The Evening World during first six  
months, 1903.....6,019

INCREASE.....1,681

No other six-day paper, morning or evening, in New  
York EVER carried in regular editions in six consecutive  
months such a volume of display advertising as The Evening  
World carried during the first six months, 1904.

### WHAT THE PATROLMEN SAY.

Having rehearsed in its columns the facts brought  
out by The Evening World regarding police derelictions  
of the midnight patrol periods, the Herald is also  
proceeding to press earnestly The Evening World's  
inquiry, "What is to be done?" As a part of its quest  
it has sent letters to many patrolmen asking for their  
personal views on the police situation and as to possible  
remedies for existing troubles.

In their answers to the Herald, the patrolmen, with  
practical unanimity, confirm The Evening World's  
statements as to the disaffection in the force and its  
causes. These are a few pointed quotations from the  
letters of the men:

Too much politics.  
Reduce the special details.  
We don't see a roundsman once a week, and the  
persecution is impossible.

When a policeman arrests and convicts a thief or  
burglar, and sees him freed by a district leader,  
what's the use?

We need a Commissioner who knows his business  
and a first deputy who isn't a district leader.

Appoint Commissioners and deputies from the  
force, eliminate politics, expedite trials and sustain  
complaints.

Too much for one man with a district leader for  
deputy.  
Inspectors should go through their departments  
after midnight as well as in the daytime.

The trouble is the courts don't help the depart-  
ment.

I would be the head and not let the inspectors  
and captains fool me.

Put in a Commissioner who has had experience as  
a policeman.

There are in the letters a number of suggestions to  
abolish the three-platoon system. Opinion on this  
point is shown to be more evenly divided in the force  
than had been supposed.

Commissioner McAduo is generally commended as  
"perfectly clean and a good man"—but there are politi-  
cians, the district leader deputy and a handicapping by  
some influence "higher up."

Altogether, The Evening World's case for depart-  
ment reorganization and for the instalment of whole-  
some discipline in place of a noxious, lingering "sys-  
tem" is very fully rounded out by the testimony of the  
men on posts.

It will be a large triumph of your administration,  
Mr. Mayor, if you shall find, through the counsel of a  
commission of good citizens, a way to bring to the po-  
lice public respect, "gang" respect and self-respect.

### THE "BREAD-LINE" BAKER.

In the eyes of Louis Fleischmann, the hungry man  
was a weak man; whereas it takes a strong man to face  
the world with hope.

So the generous baker established his "bread-line"  
and maintained it in the face of much criticism from  
the foes of "indiscriminate giving."

The good that Mr. Fleischmann did lives after him—  
not so much in that the "bread-line" is to continue, as  
in the fact of things accomplished by men to whom his  
loaf in time brought fresh courage.

### THE DEFENSE OF DANCING.

The Rev. Dr. Scudder has felt impelled to defend  
various attacks by letter the plan to have dancing taught  
in the new People's Palace in Jersey City.

Mr. Scudder's task is easy. There are few points  
upon which historical religious practices and the verdicts  
of human science come into finer agreement than upon  
the virtues of right dancing.

St. Gregory himself introduced prescribed steps into  
the religious services of his time. The Christian Bishops  
led sacred dances around the altar as late as the seven-  
teenth century. It has been held by modern writers  
that more conversions than by preaching have been  
wrought among low tribes by choral processions with  
the added charm of vestment and intonation.

And as for the utterances of science, "Dancing is one  
of the best expressions of pure play and of the motor  
needs of youth," says Dr. G. Stanley Hall in his lately  
published "Adolescence." Further, "Right dancing  
... can give nervous poise and control, bring har-  
mony between basal and finer muscles, ... serve  
both as an awakener and test of intelligence, predis-  
pose the heart against vice and turn the springs of  
character toward virtue."

Dancing needs defense only as every pursuit and  
pastime needs it—from those who do or would degrade it.

A "haunt" is reported in Mr. Croker's new Irish home.  
The old Boss's New York political experiences should have  
rendered him immune to the ghost story.

### HOW TO SAVE THE VOICE.

If you'd shout news from a steeple  
To some half a million people,  
There's not a doubt that all of them would heed it.

But the same results are had  
By a single World Want "Ad."

For a single World Want "Ad." has  
been shown how folk will read it.

## What Makes the Bachelor? By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



Nixola Greeley-Smith.

ACCORDING to a re-  
cent cable  
despatch a  
number of  
prominent men  
and women in  
London have  
got up a public  
discussion as  
to whether it is  
man's selfish-  
ness or woman's  
unselfishness  
that makes  
the bachelor.

The former view  
being held by the  
British matron and  
the latter advanced by the American  
Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes).

She declares that "it is the suicidal  
unselfishness of woman which makes  
the selfishness of the modern bachelor  
possible. Bachelors are not all misogy-  
nists, and the fact that a man remains  
unmarried is no proof that he is insen-  
sible to the charm of woman's com-  
panionship or does not have such com-  
pensation on irrevocable terms to a  
most considerable degree."

"Why should the average vain young  
man, egotistic by organism and educa-  
tion, make sacrifices for the sake of any  
particular woman while so many are  
too willing to share his life without  
joining it?"

Why, indeed? Why should Algernon,  
privileged to buy flowers for Edith on  
Monday, candy for Ethel on Tuesday,  
theatre tickets for Janet on Wednesday,  
and so on through the calendar of days  
and costly amusements, selfishly seek to  
confine his spending capacity to one of  
the number for life? To be sure, his  
endeavor to entertain half a dozen  
young women on an income that would  
scarcely suffice for one carries with it  
all of the obligations and none of the  
compensations of a Mormon or a Mus-  
solinian. But, after all, it permits him  
to smile fatuously to himself at the re-  
flection that he is indeed a gay boy or a  
d— of a fellow; and what are the  
joys of matrimony when balanced  
against this sweet illusion?

It is strange that in all the discussions  
of the why and wherefore of bachelor-  
hood it should always be taken for  
granted that masculine celibacy is al-  
ways entirely voluntary. Any man can  
get some woman to marry him? Cer-  
tainly. But, unfortunately, few unat-  
tractive or ineligible men are satisfied  
with this solution. No matter what  
they are themselves, they all think they  
are entitled to the prize girl, and when  
they discover that she is not for them  
they are not all willing to take the con-  
solation prize.

There is a great deal too much abuse  
levelled at the unfortunate bachelor,  
anyway. He has his use in the world,  
if only to serve as an object lesson to  
married men, who may look upon his  
loneliness and selfishness and give  
thanks even as the Pharisee that he is  
not even as he. To be sure, the bache-  
lor usually regards him with the same  
pity and may give thanks for his  
bachelorhood even more vociferously.  
But after all each has much to be  
grateful for.

When Lord Bacon was asked by a  
young disciple whether it would be  
best for him to marry or remain single,  
the philosopher replied with the grim  
aphorism: "Do either, and you'll re-  
gret it."

There is no married man who does  
not occasionally feel the weight of his  
fetters and sigh for the liberty of his  
bachelor days. And there is no bache-  
lor so worldly and so wedded to his  
unwed condition that the contemplation  
of some happy household on his best  
behavior does not make him give a  
furtive sigh for love in a cottage or  
even a Harlem flat.

"Do either, and you'll regret it" ap-  
plies therefore to every one, to women  
as well as men. And one's choice of  
matrimony or single blessedness must  
be governed therefore by which one will  
regret more. There are some women  
so naturally domestic as to be made  
happier by almost any marriage than  
they would be in an unmarried state.  
And there are men, the kind that are  
really just great big babies, of the same  
inevitably domestic type. The first  
needs some one to look after, the sec-  
ond some one to look after him, and to  
neither does it matter particularly who  
the "some one" is.

Everybody takes it for granted that  
all women are domestic, which, as Ber-  
nard Shaw once wisely remarked, is  
just like assuming that, because we see  
a parrot in a cage dutifully croaking  
that "Polly wants a cracker," we have  
gained a final insight into the nature  
and the whole duty of the bird.

At a matter of fact some parrots are  
born to crackers, others achieve crack-  
ers, and still others have crackers  
thrust upon them. And these doublets  
would a great deal rather be out in the  
free forest, and the open air, grubbing  
for their own provender. It is not ad-  
mitted that a woman can be like this  
last kind of parrot, however. For while  
the male bachelor is generally regarded  
as of his own voluntary creation, the  
term bachelor girl is still used as a  
polite euphemism for the familiar "old  
maid."

### What Boy's Name?

IFR  
TAY  
CES  
IED

This picture shows a number of mys-  
terious looking figures. They hardly look  
as if they would spell a word, do they?  
But if you fold the picture in a certain  
way, you will soon see a boy's name of  
three letters spelled out.

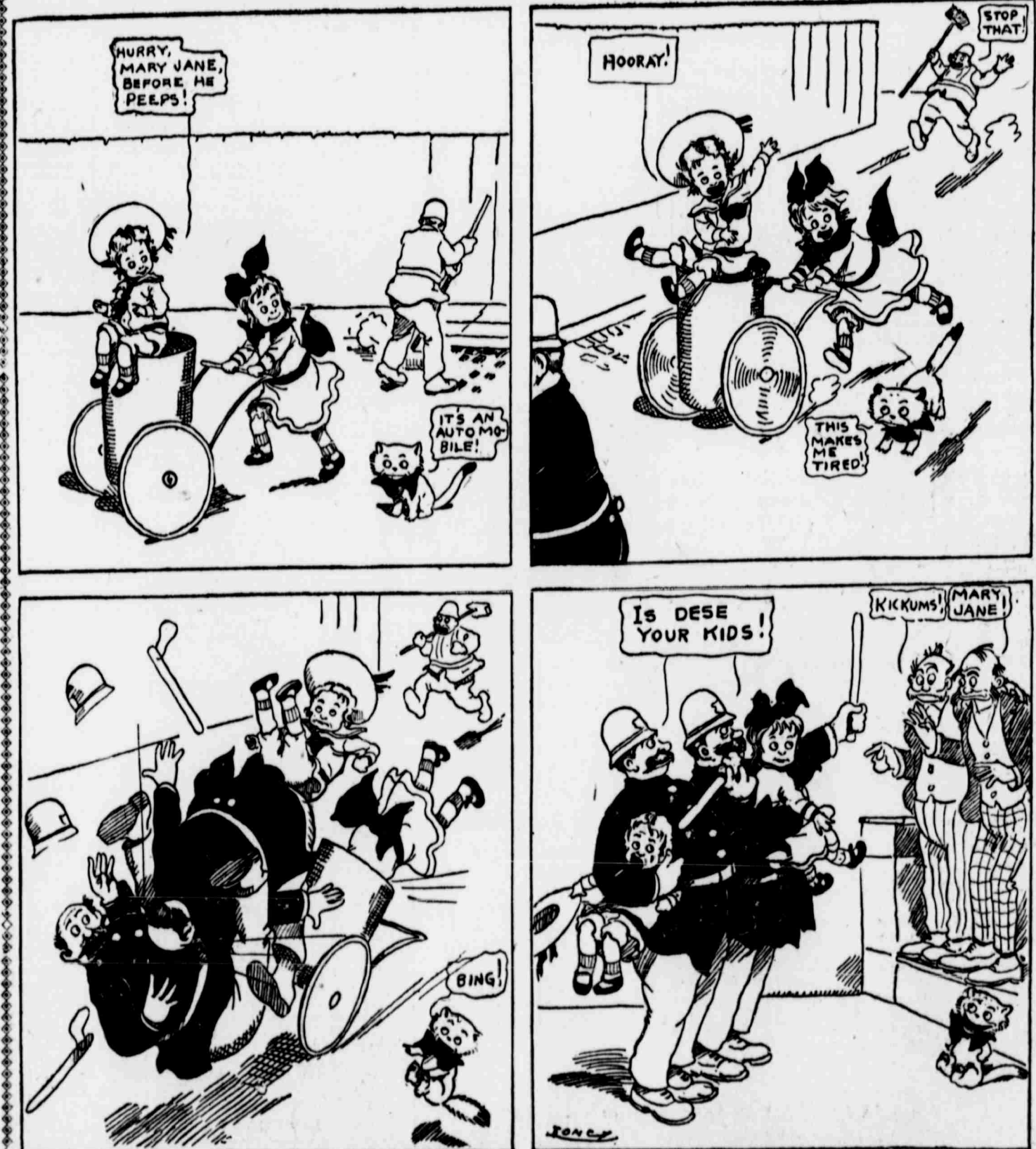
## Dorothy's Diary--No. 2.

She Washes Her Doll and the Paint Comes Off Its Face Just Like Aunt Maud's.



## Mary Jane, Kickums and the "White Wings."

The Trouble-Making Youngsters Make an Automobile Out of the Street-Cleaner's Refuse Can.



### WITH BELLS ON.

"Dar's one canderside what sho'  
gwine git de office."  
"How do you know?"  
"By de way he carry himef. He so  
jolly dat he angles!"—Atlanta Constitu-  
tion.

### THE USUAL WAY.

Doctor—"Don't ride to and from work.  
You shouldn't sit down so much."  
Patient—"I don't."  
Doctor—"Ah! You walk, then?"  
Patient—"No; I hang to a strap mostly."  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

### CATCH HIM YOUNG.

Cynicus—The propagation of the hu-  
man race depends upon early marriages.  
Sillious—How do you make that out?  
Cynicus—Well, if a man waited until  
he was really old enough to get mar-  
ried he wouldn't—Philadelphia Record.

### ESCAPED.

Hi Tragedy—Yes, we opened in Osh-  
koosh.  
Lowe Comedy—And what did your  
audience think of your Hamlet?  
Hi Tragedy—Why—or—he went out  
before I had a chance to ask him.  
—Philadelphia Eagle.

## The Man Higher Up

By Martin Green.

### The Game Law Is Now Off on the Wind-Lined Spellbinder.

"I SEE," said the Cigar-Store Man, "that the spell-  
binder season is open."

"It is the saddest feature of a Presidential  
campaign," commented the Man Higher Up.  
"The useless wind that will be liberated by the spellbind-  
ers between now and election day would furnish sufficient  
motive power for all the international yacht races ever  
to be held if it could be put on storage down on Sandy  
Hook."

"There was a time when political oratory was worth  
while. Only speakers who could speak were sent out to  
tell the people why Jones had an edge over Brown or  
why Brown had Jones buffaloed black and blue. In  
these times any gabby stiff that can utter words and is  
out of a job is turned loose on a defenseless and long-  
suffering community at from \$5 to \$20 a night and ex-  
penses."

"And they get audiences. Their cheese-cushioned wag  
gets a hand from the slob who shiver on the street cor-  
ners under the glare of the oil lamps, and their meaning-  
less flights of oratory are greeted with storms of ap-  
plause. The fact that they present their arguments  
with masks on draws no knocks from the hypnotized  
bunches whose ears they assail."

"It has been asserted by observers that the American  
people are losing their hard common sense and becoming  
side partners of the ox. Our political campaigns appear  
to show that there is something in it. Oratory in the  
United States is on the decline because the people are get-  
ting so that they will listen to anybody with a mouth  
and a strong pulse. Me for President of an organization  
of strong, careless men, bound by oath to seize spellbind-  
ers wherever found, tie them hand and foot and de-  
posit them safely at the bottom of the nearest river."

"Did you ever see a spellbinder speechless?" asked  
the Cigar Store Man.

"Once," replied the Man Higher Up. "The cops were  
just lifting him into the hurry-up wagon."

## The Soda Clerk and His Fizzy Fountain Talks

### He Turns On a Few Glassfuls of Trans-Counter Conversation.

"QUITE SO," observed the Soda Clerk. "If it wasn't  
for the boss's meanness and his jealousy of my  
business genius I'd have been partners with him  
by this time instead of plugging along on \$2 per and eighteen  
hours a day work. Ferret? Wait! Little boy, go straight  
back and tell your mother we ain't allowed by law to sell  
prussic acid to children under seven. Not at THIS soda  
fountain."

"Yes, as I was saying, my position's the most responsible  
in the whole emporium. I have to tend the fountain and  
answer telephone calls and wait on customers when the  
prescription clerk's busy and the boss is out, and I have  
to give lots of good advice to the heart-sore that comes here,  
too. Everybody with a grouchy ladies it out to the Soda Clerk.  
And to think I draw a paltry \$2 while that fellow back of the  
screen gets twenty whole plunks a week—just for mixing pale  
pills for pink people and juggling poison-label bottles. And  
all the time not a word of praise or a limit at better pay from  
the Boss."

"Not that he ever dares speak very harshly to me. He  
knows my fiery, sensitive nature wouldn't stand such treat-  
ment from any man. Did I ever tell you about the time I re-  
signed? He's been real cringing to me ever since I come back.  
How'd I come to resign? 'Twas like this: Just because I hap-  
pened to stick a soothing-syrup label on a vial of Flayem-  
quick Rat Poison the Boss says to me: 'Here's your week's  
pay. You'll never get another cent of salary from me. If you  
come around here again I'll kick you out.'"

"Them words to ME! I drew myself up magnificent and  
replied: 'In that case, sir, I resign. Don't plead with me to  
stay. I'm done with you.'"

"So I left. That afternoon more'n a dozen different per-  
sons called up the store on the telephone. Here is a sample  
of what each of 'em said:

"WHAT? Theophilus has left? Tell me what store he  
has gone to. I'm going to take my patronage there." Or,  
"But I want to give a five-dollar order for orange phosphates.  
And no one but Theophilus knows how I want it put up.  
Good day!" Or, "So Theophilus has accepted that \$5,000 a  
year offer at last, has he? We've all been begging him to,  
but he said he was too much attached to you to make up his  
mind to go." Or, "Theophilus gone, eh? That means that  
my \$12 a week soda-and-notion custom follows him to his  
next situation."

"After about twenty of these calls the boss sent for me and  
said he'd been thinking it over and he had decided to give  
me one more chance for the sake of my oldmother. So after  
a little coyness I graciously consented to return. But I  
treat him pretty short and stern ever since then, I can tell  
you."

"How did I find out about all those people calling up on the  
phone? Did the boss tell me? Well, I like that! Not him!  
Say, my roommate's a dandy ventriloquist; and them tele-  
phone calls altogether cost me only \$1.20, and—"

"Yes, sir, always glad to see you. A little bromo-seltzer,  
eh? Now, What? Your wife's dear old mother is very ill  
and what would I advise? Well, sir, on the next block they  
carry a fine line of the misty, satin-lined, cascade—that  
would look real stylish on her, and—"

"Say, but ain't I the cut-up, though? Now, you'd never  
a thought that man would act peevish and stamp out of the  
store just on account of a little joke, would you? Cheese it,  
here's the boss! 'What did that man want?' Oh, he just  
asked if we dealt in mourning dry goods. Must o' mistook  
this for some place else, I suppose, sir. Yes, sir, I'll wait on  
the two ladies right off. Grouchy cuss! See how contemptu-  
ously I treat him, though?"

A. P. TERHUNE.

### Cork Growing Scarce.

Natives of the cork-producing countries have been care-  
less about preserving the cork tree and the acreage is  
growing smaller. Italy was once one of the largest cork-  
producing countries, but has fallen behind of late, owing to  
the laziness and lack of thought for the future of her peo-  
ple. When the trees are properly cared for they will live  
fully 200 years, producing once in seven years after they  
have passed their thirtieth birthday. But they have been  
either cut down or injured in Italy until that country has  
only a comparatively small acreage left.

### \$15 Fine for Murder.

The Persians very seldom hang a man for crime. If he  
kills another he is fined \$15 and allowed to go. If he kills  
ten or twelve and the people finally decide that he ought to  
be put out of the way, he is hanged. But he is not hanged  
as they hang men in this country. He is hanged by the feet  
and a heavy weight is tied to his head. Then he is allowed  
to die.